

Polemic Lectures!

V6, 134

The first lecture of the Course, will be delivered on

Monday Evening, next, Nov. 6.

at 7 1-2 o'clock, at Webb's Hall, by

William Lloyd Garrison!

Subject—Our Country; Past,
Present and Future.

Tickets, 35 Cents; to be had at the door.

THE CHRONICLE.

HAPGOOD & RITEZEL, Editors and Publishers.

WARREN, O.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1865.

Local and Personal.

—Bear in mind that Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the famed and talented editor of the Boston *Liberator*, delivers the first lecture of the Polemic Club's Course, on next Monday evening. He has for many years been among the leading minds in the nation, giving shape and direction to public sentiment.

"Your Heart will Believe"

CANNOT BE SOLD RIGHT.

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WHOLE NO. 256

FRESH ARRIVAL!

FRESH ARRIVAL

Monday Morning, Nov. 6.
In the train on my way to Warren
from Meadville.

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Dear Wife:

Yesterday it stormed all day at Meadville, the snow presenting a wintry aspect, and preventing my examination of the place. I went, however, to the Unitarian church in the morning. The audience was very small, and the sermon by a young theological student, whose name was Young. I was urged to speak in the evening, but declined, as I needed rest.

Meadville has a population of eight or nine thousand, with a large Methodist college, a Unitarian theological institution, a Female Seminary, and other institutions of learning. It has grown very rapidly within a few years, and, being not far from the famous oil regions, is destined to be a large and flourishing town. Its surroundings are hilly, from which the views in the summer time must be very fine. It has some fine residences, and others are in process of erection. I found myself at home in the family of Mr. Douglass, and was

as hospitably entertained as though I had been an old and cherished friend - saving me six dollars' expense at the hotel. They have three little girls, but no boy.

Though my audience at Meadville was small, (the price of tickets was 50 cents!) and my lecture any thing but satisfactory to myself, (and no one said a word to me about it, pro or con, which was distressingly ominous!) I was paid my \$75, which I took much more reluctantly than I should if I had believed my lecture had met the expectation of those who invited me, and the audience generally. - (Between you and me, I "guess" I shall not have a second invitation to any place on my route.) If a hall is well lighted, I always feel and speak better; but I cannot speak with any inspiration to shadows or spectres. And out here at the West they use light very sparingly.

My teeth are troublesome to me by their looseness, and bother me in the articulation of various words. Also in eating.

This evening I lecture at Warren, but the sky threatens snow or rain, or both, as they fell at Meadville. There has not been a pleasant day since I left home. You know what a lecturing Jonah I am.

Not having my clothes with me, and being cut off from them till I get to Cleveland, when I hope to recover them, I bought at Meadville a shirt, two collars, and a pocket handkerchief, at a cost of \$5.25. - "And that's the way the money goes."

Hotel and other travelling expenses are so great that I shall be glad to accept of all the hospitality that may be extended to me.

At Cleveland, I hope to be able to send William a check for some money, of which I wish Fanny to have what she needs. I should like to have Hovey's bill settled at an early date. You may buy what you think best for Wendell and Lucy.

Thus far I stand the journey well, and have taken no cold. But the load and the risk will grow heavier as I proceed.

Let some letters be sent to me at Detroit. I am anxious to hear how you are getting along. Doubtless, the time of my absence will seem very long to you; but it will seem almost as long to me.

Tell William I see sheep all along the road, but all his circulars were left in my valise at Buffalo.

Have you yet invited Julia Randal to visit you? What do you hear from Charlotte - Dr. Dow - &c.?

When Fanny writes to Harry, tell him I carry him in my remembrance and affection every step of the way. I suppose she is still busy in getting her things completed for the wedding. Perennial bliss be thine! But, ah! how can we give up our darling?

I have scrawled this upon my knees, amid the jar and noise of the train. A father's love to the children - a husband's love to you. W. L. G.